

his way. This curious document is published by Mabillon, in the fourth volume of his "Analecta Vetera," but Niebuhr made a journey to Einsiedlen on purpose to seek out the MS. again. He found it, and I was permitted by his successor at Rome to copy from the facsimile the portion I now design to use. The anonymous pilgrim arriving at the Capitoline Hill, copies the inscriptions which he read on three temples, but all these inscriptions are written in the MS. without any more marked divisions of the words and lines than that which the context points out. They read thus: "Senatus Populusque Romanus incendio consumptum restituit. Divo Vespasiano Augusto Cess. S. P. Q. R. Imp. Cess. Severus et Antoninus pii felix. aug. restituerunt." I need not insert the rest, which relates to the Temple of Concord. Now upon the entablature which rests upon the eight granite columns we still read the words which Anonymous read in the eighth century—"Senatus Populusque Romanus incendio consumptum restituit;" and we read nothing more. The German antiquaries say we ought to go on, and add the three following words of Anonymous, Divo Vespasiano Augusto, and then the portico of the eight columns would be the Temple of Vespasian. But it is triumphantly asked, where is the space for the additional words? the frieze is filled up, and who ever saw an inscription upon an architrave or a cornice? Oh, but they say, Divo Vespasiano was inscribed on the other elevation, which is now demolished, and so we should have to send Anonymous to this other end of the temple to discover the three additional words before he proceeded with the other inscriptions which were before his eyes: besides, whoever saw the name of an emperor to whom a temple was dedicated inscribed on the back elevation? or if it be alleged that the demolished part was the front elevation, then it may still be asked, who ever saw the senate and the Roman people, the awful S. P. Q. R. put behind a temple? We, therefore, take the three words for the beginning of the second inscription, and then it reads, Divo Vespasiano Augusto, S. P. Q. R. Imp. Cess. Severus et Antoninus, pii felix. aug. restituerunt. This inscription belongs to the three angular columns supporting a beautiful piece of entablature, on which is read *ESTITVER*, being part of the word *restituerunt*; from all which it appears that Septimius Severus and his son Caracalla repaired that temple to the honour of Vespasian the Emperor. I think this a sufficient proof, but I shall have occasion to add another when I take you down into the Forum. To return now to the portico of eight columns. It is true we learn neither from Anonymous, nor from the inscription as it exists, to what divinity this temple belonged, for that inscription never said any more than it now says, that the Senate and Roman people repaired the temple after it had been destroyed by fire: we must, therefore, have recourse to some other mode of proof. I could cite passages from various ancient writers to show that the Temple of Saturn was situated at the entrance of the Clivus, or, as Varro's expression is, "in faucibus Clivi." Servius describes it as being "ante Clivum juxta Concordie templum." It was also very near the *Milliarium Aureum*. There was a difficulty in applying these descriptive passages to the eight columns before the excavations were made, because the portico appeared to be standing on a basement considerably elevated above the level of the Forum, and consequently some way up the Clivus; but now that the ground has been cleared, we see that basement magnificently constructed of peperine and travertine stone, rising from the very bottom of the Clivus, where the ascent began, and there is now no longer any difficulty in saying that the temple marked in the plan A stands in "faucibus Clivi," or "infimo Clivo;" nor is there anywhere space to be found where another temple could have stood. I am, therefore, inclined to believe that the temple which has so long been called the Temple of Fortune is really the Temple of Saturn, and that commonly called Jupiter Tonans the Temple of Vespasian. I may not conceal the fact that

I am here in conflict with all the German school of antiquaries, who insist upon the temple B as being the Temple of Saturn, and they rely upon the words, "juxta ardem Concordie;" and upon a votive altar, found in the narrow space between the temples B and C, on which were the words, AB. AER. SAT.\*

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#### MODERN APPLICATION OF GREEK ARCHITECTURE.

WHETHER, earnest as it is, Mr. Huggins's advocacy of Greek architecture as a very suitable style for modern churches will stir up formal opposition to it on the part of ecclesiologists and medievalists is as yet doubtful. After what he has said they must do something more than reiterate the usual claptrap vapouring about our ancestors, &c. and raising the bugbear cry of "No Paganism." Should they think proper to reply to, or notice him at all, one prominent argument brought against him, perhaps, will be that the style which he so strenuously recommends has been tried by us already, and with so little success, that we ought now to be fully convinced of its actual unsuitableness, at least for religious edifices; whereas Gothic supplies us with innumerable examples of buildings of that class, all stamped with unmistakable character.

Now, it certainly must be conceded, first, that among all the extant monuments of classical architecture, there is not one which offers an express model for a Christian church; secondly, that all our *soi-disant* classical churches are more or less very unsatisfactory—some of them decidedly anti-classical in every respect, and of terribly Cockney physiognomy. Well, what then? unless it be, *Tant mieux!* since there is still something to be for the first time accomplished,—a fortunate discovery to be made, a signal victory to be gained, where others have hitherto met only discomfiture and defeat. It is said of a certain personage, that when he cannot swim, he throws the blame on the water; and such has been pretty much the case with those who practised during our Greco-mania. They fancied that the style itself would do everything for them, without their endeavouring to do aught in return for the style. They made a perfect milch-cow of Stuart's "Athens," adding to what they extracted from it just so much of their own as to make very "milk-and-water" messes, till the public began to tire of thrice-skimmed classicality, and the frigid artificial enthusiasm of those who, affecting to admire, were fain to accept double-distilled dulness for due decorum of design. Accordingly, the style got an ill name, fell into discredit, and was dismissed,—of course, very deservedly, seeing that, instead of exciting imagination and stimulating to kindred inventive power, it rarely enabled those who employed it to achieve anything at all better than respectable humdrum, tricked out in a livery of Doric or Ionic columns, indisputably orthodox because stereotyped. In a word, the style was in many instances absolutely *Pecksniffed*, Greek features and details being applied quite as blunderingly as Mrs. Malaprop's fine words.

Strange to say, although not liberty merely, but downright licentiousness of design, has been tolerated in other respects, the dread of being reproached with the unpardonable heresy of innovation has deterred architects from attempting to give such further development to Greco-Roman architecture as would render it a more copious yet equally consistent style,—one susceptible of greater variety of expression and readily accommodating itself to our actual purposes and increased requirements. Under the specious pretence of preserving the purity of the style, but rather, it may be suspected, for the same reason which deterred the fox from taking the grapes, those who have set themselves up for legislators in architecture, have deprecated the least exercise of inventive talent, and insisted upon the most servile and plodding copyism with regard to the orders. At any rate, this is not according to the practice of the ancients themselves, because of the comparatively few examples of

one and the same order which have come down to us, scarcely two will be found precisely alike, some of them so widely different from others that they might be reckoned as quite distinct species, though belonging to the same general class. Undoubtedly, a certain normal configuration, proportions, and character are to be observed for each order, but there is as surely a sufficiently wide scope for diversity in all other respects.

This, it will be said by some, is an exceedingly latitudinarian doctrine, and would open the door to all sorts of crude fancies and wild caprices, which is very much like saying that architects are not to be trusted with any degree of rational freedom, as they would be sure to abuse it; nay, that they are and ever must continue to be so destitute of artistic feeling as to be incapable of producing anything but monstrosities, if permitted to originate any fresh ideas for columns and entablatures. Little wonder is it that inventive talent of that particular kind should be so exceedingly rare in modern times, when, instead of encouraging and fostering it, the utmost pains have all along been taken to repress it by deprecating it as pernicious, and stigmatising it beforehand as the evidence of a corrupt and barbarous taste. Repeat the unlucky prohibition now in force: proclaim *free trade* in design for those who choose to avail themselves of it: depend upon it, we should, sooner or later, obtain something better than mere novelty,—even sterling originality. And here it may not be wholly unnecessary to remark that there is a wide difference between mere novelty and originality. While the former turns out as frequently as not to be extravagance or absurdity—or if tolerably good, to be so only by hapazard and good luck,—originality is the result not of chance, but of earnestness of intention and genuine feeling, whether it be appropriated with good taste or not; also, whether it exhibit or not anything strikingly dissimilar from what has been before done. There exists, too, this further difference between them, that the novel is so only for a time, while what is genuinely original, bearing on it the stamp of *gusto* and mind, is so for all time.

Now, that excessive timidity and over-cautiousness which would keep the door fast bolted against everything in the shape of innovation, no matter of what kind it may be, is not it shot against originality also; or should the latter attempt to force its way in, an alarm is instantly raised, and a bucketful of the cold water of prejudice is flung in the face of the unlucky intruder who presumes to disturb the comfortable apathy of the drowsy conclave of our architectural police.

The insisting upon the strict observance of precedent as far as it can possibly be followed—which, by the bye, is not much unlike insisting upon plagiarism—in order to preserve purity of style, is, after all, unavailing, since we often find such would-be purity, be it either Greek or Gothic, merely superficial, floating like oil upon water, on what, but for such admixture, would show itself to be very honest, unsophisticated John Bullism of taste and design. Equally invertebrate and irrational prejudices, and a morbid dread of "fancies," have gone far to suppress all exercise of fancy itself, and of creative imagination, thereby reducing what should be artistic design to little better than a mechanical process; which being the case, we need not wonder, however much we may grieve, that we so rarely find aught of real, unborrowed artistic feeling and spirit, even in our best buildings. As to "crude fancies and mere caprices," they certainly cannot be too strongly deprecated; yet wherefore need "fancies," so to call them, to be crude, or fresh ideas be no better than caprices? We ask only for such as shall be the result of diligent, con amore, æsthetic study and cultivated taste. If architecture is now incapable of receiving any further accession of ideas, if it does not admit of any further exercise of imagination, it is either not a fine art at all, or is one that, having lost its former vitality, is now reduced to the condition of a dead language; as, indeed, we do not scruple to let people see; for many a building with its portico "after the Parthenon," has about as

\* To be continued.